

A Pattern o' true Love, to you I will recite, Between a fair young Lady, and a courteous Knight.

The Tune is, *Dainty come thou to me.*

Dear Love regard my grief While I live, I must Love
do not my suit disdain, so fancy urgeth me,
Ply me some releif My mind cannot remove,
that am with sorrow slain: such is my constancy:
These long seven years & more, My mind is nobly bent
have I still loved thee; though I of low degree
Do thou my joys restore Sweet Lady give consent
fair Lady pity me. to love and pity me.

Pity my grievous pain,
long suffered for thy sake,
Do not my suit disdain
that no time rest can take:
These seven long years & more,
have I still loved thee:
Do thou my joys restore
fair Lady pity me.

How would I pity thee?
this Lady then reply'd.
Thou art no match for me,
thy suit must be deny'd:
I am of noble blood,
thou but of mean degree,
It stands not for my good
fondly to match with thee.

This answer had he most,
which cut his heart so deep,
That on his bed full oft,
would he lie down and weep:
With tears he did lament
his froward destiny
With sighs, yet would he say
fair Lady pity me.

Content Lady (he said)
he's but a Coward knight
Whom ought shall make afraid
to win a Lady bright:
Thus then they went away,
but by the Master Cook
Coming through y window wide
Was this fair Lady took.

The Lady hearing now
the moan that he did make,
Did of his suit allow
and thus to him she spake:
Sir Knight mourn thou no more
my faith I plight to thee,
May this thy joys restore,
thou hast thy wish of me.

But first sweet Love (quoth she)
what shift then wilt thou make
With speed to Harry me,
and thy delight to take:
It were a bargain bad
to get a wanton wife,
And lose with sorrow great
thy sweet desired life.

If that my Father knew
the love I bear to thee,
We both the same should rae,
therefore he rul'd by me:
Whil my Father is in bed,
and all his waiting men,
Through the window I'll I gah,
See that you met me then,

O gentle Cook (quoth she)
do not my deed bewray
Some favour to me shew
and let me pass aye:
Love that doth conquer Kings
forc'd me to do this deed,
While others sits and sings
make not my heart to bleed.

Not so (then said the Cook)
fair Lady pardon me,
Who can this trespass brok
committed thus by thee?
My Lord your Father shall
the matter understand,
For false I will not be,
neither for House nor Land.

Then from the Ladies face,
fell down the tears amain,
She was in woful case,
and thus she made her moan:
Alas my own dear Love,
little know'st thou my grief,
Great sorrows must be prove,
hope yeilding no relief.

A Pattern o' true Love, to you I will recite,
Between a fair young Lady, and a courteous Knight.

The Tune is, Dainty come thou to me.

Dear Love regard my grief While I live, I must Love
do not my suit disdain, so fancy urgeth me,
Ply me some releif My mind cannot remove,
that am with sorrow slain: such is my constancy:
These long seven years & more, My mind is nobly bent
have I still loved thee; though I of low degree
Do thou my joys restore Sweet Lady give consent
fair Lady pity me. to love and pity me.

Pity my grievous pain,
long suffered for thy sake,
Do not my suit disdain
that no time rest can take:
These seven long years & more,
have I still loved thee:
Do thou my joys restore
fair Lady pity me.

How would I pity thee?
this Lady then reply'd.
Thou art no match for me,
thy suit must be deny'd:
I am of noble blood,
thou but of mean degree,
It stands not for my good
fondly to match with thee.

This answer had he most,
which cut his heart so deep,
That on his bed full oft,
would he lie down and weep:
With tears he did lament
his froward destiny
With sighs, yet would he say
fair Lady pity me.

Content Lady (he said)
he's but a Coward knight
Whom ought shall make afraid
to win a Lady bright:
Thus then they went away,
but by the Master Cook
Coming through y window wide
Was this fair Lady took.

The Lady hearing now
the moan that he did make,
Did of his suit allow
and thus to him she spake:
Sir Knight mourn thou no more
my faith I plight to thee,
May this thy joys restore,
thou hast thy wish of me.

But first sweet Love (quoth she)
what shift then wilt thou make
With speed to Harry me,
and thy delight to take:
It were a bargain bad
to get a wanton wife,
And lose with sorrow great
thy sweet desired life.

If that my Father knew
the love I bear to thee,
We both the same should rae,
therefore he rul'd by me:
Whil my Father is in bed,
and all his waiting men,
Through the window I'll I gah,
See that you met me then,

O gentle Cook (quoth she)
do not my deed bewray
Some favour to me shew
and let me pass aye:
Love that doth conquer Kings
forc'd me to do this deed,
While others sits and sings
make not my heart to bleed.

Not so (then said the Cook)
fair Lady pardon me,
Who can this trespass brok
committed thus by thee?
My Lord your Father shall
the matter understand,
For false I will not be,
neither for House nor Land.

Then from the Ladies face,
fell down the tears amain,
She was in woful case,
and thus she made her moan:
Alas my own dear Love,
little know'st thou my grief,
Great sorrows must be prove,
hope yeilding no relief.



Her Father in a spleen of rage
 Lock'd up his daughter faire
 And sent forth Armed men
 to take this worthy Knight.
 Who then was judg'd to be
 quite banish'd from the Land, Alas my Love (she said)
 Never his Love to see,
 so strict was the command.
 And at the Sessions next
 after the Knight was gone
 To his daughter full of woe
 they brought a hanged man:
 Whose head was smitten off,
 the Maidens truth to prove,
 (quoth her father) wanton dame
 now take the here thy love. Weardon'd her amiss,
 Her tears fell down again,
 when this sight she did see,
 And sorly did complain
 of fathers cruelty;

His body she did wash
 with teares that she did shed,
 An hundred times she kill'd
 his body being dead,
 dear hast thou paid for me,
 Would God in heavens bliss,
 my soul were now with thee.
 But whilst that I do live,
 a vow I here do make,
 Seven years to live unsee
 for my true Lovers sake.
 Her Father hearing this,
 was grieved inwardly,
 Weardon'd her amiss,
 and prais'd her constancie
 And to this cause was it
 her Father did her wed
 God gave them the succour
 where none else could be
 F ! N !

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. W.